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all a tendency to meliorate soils of this kind, and to give free access to the air to pass through the same, which it could not do was the soil too tenacious or stiff.

Magnesia, or soapy earth, possesses intermediate properties between the foregoing earths, therefore is improved by the introduction of argillaceous and silicious earths with lime.

Sandy soils are hot and dry; the air therefore has an entrance sufficiently easy, but with equal ease leaves the incoherent soil; heavy soils of every description which would heretofore be considered prejudicial to land, are dug for with avidity in the bottoms of ditches and other places for the improvement of light and shallow soils, of this and the calcareous kinds. These heavy soils are by some laid on the ground when raised, adding lime if necessary: and by others made into a compost and mixed with lime, and turned occasionally in order to meliorate and ferment.

Lastly bogs or moorlands, are generally composed of dry and decayed roots of vegetables; and have various kinds of bottoms; some are composed of small particles of granite, interspersed with stones of that description; some have rocky bottoms without a sufficient quantity of earth; whilst others have clay bottoms, and are easiest improved; of the latter kind the bog and moor soils of this country are generally composed and are improved (when the turf is cut off the same within a spading of the clay) by burning, and with the ashes, setting potatoes in the same several times, which mixes the clay with the soil; it is then found to give excellent meadow, when levelled and laid down with grass seeds, and irrigated or manured occasionally with ashes or other composts; but where the clay is too deep to be got to, moory lands of this kind are manured or mixed with weighty soils, which is of service in giving stability thereto to retain the water and fixed air; which is so necessary to the production of grasses and vegetables of every kind and species. J. D.

Upper Fews, County Armagh, September 4, 1809.

To the Editor of the Belfast Magazine.

SIR,

IF you deem the following trifle worthy of a place in your miscellany, your insertion of it will much oblige your very humble servant, M'K.

GLANCES FROM DERRY TO GRACEHILL.

When viewed "through the dark postern of time long elapsed," Derry is an interesting place, but presents nothing attractive now, save its beautiful wooden bridge. A most delightful day tempted me to ascend the mail-coach, and highly was I gratified by the fine, and varying views which every moment presented themselves, for two miles from Derry. The river lay under our inspection; now an American vessel spread her white sails to the wind, and floated majestically down the stream; again, a daring little boat, scarce a speck among the waves, caught the passing breeze, and lightly skimmed along the surface of the deep. Here, the wind-mill rivetted our eyes, and there, we gazed with delight on Boom-hall, and its beautiful grounds. After losing sight of the river, the road for several miles runs through a level but uninteresting country; however, even this part of our journey was not without amusement; for as the doors of the houses were crowded with old women and young, to behold the loaded vehicle, our guard (an uncommonly humorous fellow) to the old, made the most obsequious, and to the young the most polite and gallant bows; now, he took off his hat to a cross-looking country fellow, and again he held out a letter to another, and at the approach of the fellow, raised the laugh at his simplicity. From the sameness of a level country, we were relieved by a veiw of Lough Foyle. On entering a large wood, its solemn stillness was grateful; but *Meg of Wapping*, sung by one of the passengers, destroyed the solemnity of the scene. Whirled through Ballykelly, (a poor straggling village) with the rapidity of Jehu, I glanced at an elegant little church and spire, and in a few minutes came in sight of Newtownlimavaddy, a small town, of rather a respectable appearance; turning the corner of its main street, I was struck by the uncommon beauty of the view;

at one glance the eye beholds a spacious level street, terminated by lofty and luxuriant trees, and a majestic mountain;" the united beauty of these objects is indescribable, and to be felt must be seen. Intending to sleep here, I sauntered through the town, found it contained about 300 houses; its inhabitants mostly in business; but from the spaciousness and beauty of the principal street, it has rather the appearance of an elegant retreat. Attracted by the sound of a drum, I walked to the parade of a company of yeomanry; their appearance struck me, as being peculiarly clean, and the uniformity of their dress, to the most minute trifle, evinced them to be no common corps; but the pleasure I felt in their appearance was trifling, compared to the delight with which I contemplated their masterly performance of the different evolutions: as soldiers they are an honour to the officer who commands them; but, as an Irishman, and a Christian, I was sorry to observe emblems of a party spirit among them. Spirit of that blessed religion which breathes "peace on earth and good will to men," where art thou flown?—"Heaven and hell are not more distant (says Lord Lyttleton) than the benevolent spirit of the Gospel and the malignant spirit of party." I slept here, and after breakfasting set off on foot to Garvagh. The road led me over "cloud-capt hills:" Is it the pleasure of sight alone that elevates and tranquillizes the mind on the tops of mountains? or, is it, that raised above this "little scene of things," we proudly look down on the earth-born mortals who crawl beneath our feet? "Here (says Rousseau) our meditations acquire a degree of sublimity, from the grandeur of the objects around us. It seems as if being lifted above human society, we had left every low terrestrial sentiment behind; and that as we approached the ethereal regions, the soul imbibes something of their eternal purity." Such were the reflections of the author of Eloisa; but, had the sentimental "citizen of Geneva" travelled with me this day, willingly, most willingly would he have exchanged all the *sublimity* of the mountains for the *beauty* of a blazing turf fire: for, in my opinion, if those elevated regions are delightful to the traveller when all nature smiles, they are no less horrible when the thunder appals his soul, and the rain pours in torrents on his unsheltered head. Garvagh presents, not lordly domes, splendid edifices, the martial music of the soldier, nor the hoarse shrill cry of the sailor; but one street of neat white houses, embosomed in lofty trees, and appeared in my eyes a little Eden, after encountering the "blast on the heath."

I left Garvagh, and without seeing any thing worthy of remark, in about two hours arrived in Kilrea; much has been written on the effect of contrast—more said on the power the imagination has over the judgment: the first of these causes certainly transformed Garvagh into paradise, in my eyes; and is it possible that the last made Kilrea appear to me a poor, small village, lonely and ruinous? though no "grass waved in its courts, nor fox looked out at the windows," yet poor-looking is the village of Kilrea, and silence reigns through its streets: it stands about half a mile from the peaceful undulating waters of the Bann, which is here about 80 yards wide. From this to Grace-hill (about ten miles) the country is mostly hilly, and often did I sit down to rest my wearied limbs; yet, thank heaven, every situation hath its charms, for in those moments of rest I sometimes was delighted with the most picturesque landscapes: now the lonely Bann unfolded its unrippled bosom to my eyes, and again some intervening hillock concealed it from my view; here, a large and interesting view of part of the county of Derry presented itself to me, and there, a long tract of the county of Antrim lay before me. Meek twilight had in "her sober livery all things clad," before I reached Grace-hill, being completely tired, I immediately went to bed, and, unsought,

"Tir'd Nature's sweet restorer, balmy Sleep,
His ready visit paid."

I awoke in the morning with renovated spirits, and walked out to see what kind of place I was in; I was astonished, yet delighted: seas roll between nations more like each other than Grace-hill and the surrounding

country. About twenty houses of different sizes, mostly detached from each other, and built around a square field, neatly hedged in, and ornamented with trees, shrubs, flowers, a fish-pond, gravel walks, &c. form the singularly beautiful Grace-hill: a taste the most exquisite, an elegant simplicity, is apparent in every thing we behold, in their houses, their dress, their manners; but surpassingly lovely where all is beautiful, is the modesty, elegance, and simplicity of the Moravian girls: truly, most truly, did Thomson say, that

"Bea y when unadorn'd is adorn'd the most."

The Moravians are supposed to have arisen under Count Zinzendorf, a German nobleman, who died in 1760. They are called Moravians, because the first converts to his system were some Moravian families. They in general profess to adhere to the Augsburgh Confession of Faith; and direct their worship to our Saviour, personifying every part of his body, even the wound in his side. They are fond of instrumental as well as vocal music in their religious services; and they revive their devotion by morning and evening prayers, and celebrating love feasts. The sexes mix not with each other before marriage, each generally living in houses by themselves; even in their chapel they do not come near each other; hard, hard, this; but still worse, no courting, no choice of the dear object whom we wish to make our partner through life, as the right of contracting marriage rests with the elders: this is hard, but accustomed from infancy to consider marriage in this point of view, it is not so bad as we imagine. However, no matter about their form of worship, or peculiar customs, they appear to possess the true Christian spirit, love of God and man.

M. K.

To the Editor of the Belfast Magazine.

SIR,

YOU will, doubtless, have observed with pleasure, that a Society has been formed in Dublin, for the exalted and patriotic purpose of reviving a knowledge of our ancient instrument, the Harp. Of the source from whence the idea originated, there can be but one opinion—that it was the *example of Belfast;* where a number of individuals, worthy of their country's name, had previously associated themselves together, and liberally subscribed for the same most interesting object.

Far be it from me to view the proceedings of the Dublin Harp Society with envy or jealousy. No; success attend their patriotic efforts, and unfading honour be their reward. May the spirits of our ancient bards hover o'er the regenerated strings of the Harp, and inspire the consecrated song of gratitude, swelling their praise in sweet and native strains. But, let it never be forgotten, that *Belfast* led the way—that from her bosom emanated the generous warmth which has recalled to animated existence the famed genius of Irish melody, so long, so shamefully torpid. That in Belfast the first meeting of Irish harpers (procured by the inhabitants at considerable expense) took place in the year 1792. That Bunting of Belfast, whose musical talents are universally admired, was the first to rescue the fast-fading reliques of our tuneful bards from threatening oblivion, and to give the world a complete collection of celebrated and original Irish airs; and, finally, that the *first* Society for diffusing a knowledge of the Harp, and perpetuating our national music, was instituted in *Belfast*, a society that is entitled to the grateful tributes of Irishmen, and that I doubt not will be honourably recorded in the future annals of our country's taste, science, and glory.

HIBERNICUS.

Belfast, August, 1809.

For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.

AS from the long continued, unfavourable state of the weather there is reason to fear that in some places the grain may be late in ripening, we recommend to our agricultural readers the following observations on this subject, whence it may appear that even under unfavourable circumstances grain will improve, and that caution should be used not to cut down too hastily, from the idea that no further ripening can be expected. Theory and practice appear